

California

The Way There
What to See and
How to See It

FROM THE LINES OF THE
Southern Pacific

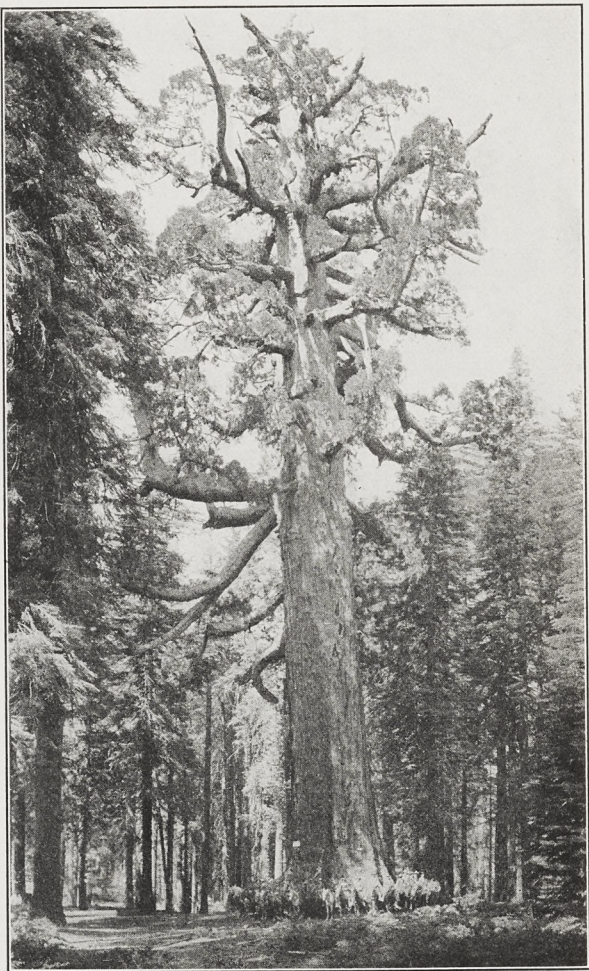
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How to See It



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The Grizzly Giant, girth 91 feet at the base

CALIFORNIA

And the Way There, What
to See and How to See It

There are three grand highways of entry and exit to California over the lines of the Southern Pacific. These are, the Northern Route, entering the State by way of Idaho and Washington; the Central or Overland Route, running directly east and west across the continent; and the Sunset Route, traveling through the broad areas of Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, skirting Mexico itself. All of these have their distinct charms and conveniences, and to the real traveler offer not merely a means of travel between one place and another, but boundless opportunities for a liberal education in the making of the West, that vast enterprise of American industry and genius to which the eyes of all the world are directed.

Here, briefly sketched, are suggestions for the wayfarer, the names of some few of the places at which on the way in or the way out he may with advantage stop over for a little while and interestingly widen the horizon of his knowledge. Many such

halts by the way can be made within the life of an ordinary ticket, the granting of stopover privileges being practically unlimited.

Let us take up the **Northern Route** first and in imagination travel west, or rather north and west, leaving the main line of the Union Pacific at Granger, Wyoming, and traversing the Oregon Short Line, all a part of the Union Pacific - Southern Pacific systems. The way practically parallels the course of the Snake River and eventually reaches the banks of the mighty Columbia River, duplicating to a great extent the path blazed through the wilderness by Lewis and Clark when in 1804-6 they reached the mouth of the Columbia, crossed the continent and founded Astoria near the mouth of the Columbia. At Pocatello, Idaho, a ten-days' stopover can be arranged to see the Yellowstone National Park, with the cañon of its roaring river, the geysers and all the wild beauty and wilder forest and mountain folk of that wonderful region. The way is made easy by the train which runs right to the borders of the Park at Yellowstone Station, whence, as at Yosemite Valley in California, a delightful stage ride completes the trip.

There are the best of accommodations.

A stay should be made at Portland, the Rose City, principal city of Oregon, and a place of ever-growing interests. Tied up with the ocean by the deep channel of the Columbia into which flows the Willamette, upon the banks of which the city stands, Portland has a mighty back country with a prosperity founded in great successful orchards and farms. All about here fortunes are made from growing the luscious apples that are shipped the wide world round. Big lumber and mineral interests are here fostered by the railroad and steamer connections. It is a modern city with excellent hotels and beautiful homes, built on hills which command an ever-entrancing panorama of forest, river and white peaks lifting high into the blue. There is an air of hustle hereabouts, an energy which is contagious and will be felt from now on. It is the spirit which surcharges the atmosphere of the Pacific Coast and makes true the saying—

“Westward the star of empire takes its way.”

Leaving the Columbia to flow swiftly, deeply, westward to the sea, the way swings directly southward,

following the Willamette, with its power plants and factories and the fertile and beautiful valley that bears the name of the river, leading directly down to California past Salem, Albany, capital of Oregon, and Roseburg; by a hundred prospering and growing communities through the scenic splendor of the Rogue River Valley into the passes and over the ridges of the Siskiyou Mountains. All the way down the restless energy of the West has captured the torrents, set them to work to store up electric forces that are distributed throughout the State and then sent the waters foaming on their way again. Everywhere are tree-protected towns and hamlets wearing a confident air of present prosperity and assured future, everywhere are fields green or golden as the seasons shade them, orchards turned into bowers of blossom or fruit-laden; cattle grazing, teams at work on the soil; no drought, no desolation. but a popular countryside that is rapidly becoming a populous one. Through southern Oregon and northern California they are mining successfully yet for gold, and the output is indeed in many places far beyond what it was even in the days of '49,

but the yield of forest and farm has made the mineral harvest seem insignificant. Golden was the key that opened the gates of the West; the native sons and daughters of the Pacific Coast were literally born with a golden spoon in their mouths which in their lusty youth they are offering for the use of the world at large with true Western hospitality.

Swinging round the slopes of the Siskiyou the train enters California, crossing presently the turbulent Klamath River that chokes itself with its own fight to reach the sea for every foot of its four-hundred-mile course. At Weed a branch line runs to Klamath Falls, whence a steamer plies to the upper end of Klamath Lake and an auto road to that wonder of the world, Crater Lake, the liquid heart of a mountain whose top was blown off in an eruption the echoes of which are still heard by Indian trail and tepee. Here are the bluest waters in the world. Klamath lakes themselves are beautiful, with all about them a virgin country teeming with wild game of land and water.

Soon the headwaters of the Sacramento River take their turn to escort the train, following the lead of many



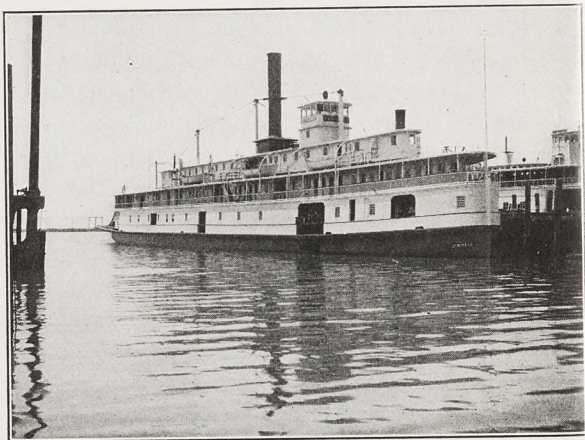
Mt. Shasta, 14380 feet

crystal streams which have laughed their ways beside the track since the Columbia was left behind. The outpost of the Sierra Nevada Range, Mount Shasta, monarch of American mountains, comes into view to dominate the landscape for hours of travel with its silver-crowned serenity. There are many resorts tucked away in the crinkles of the river cañon, half-hidden in pine forests, fringed about with ferns and carpeted with flowers. Here are Sisson, Shasta Springs, Castle Crag, and a dozen others. At Shasta Springs a hundred founts which have filtered under-

ground from the summit of Shasta find their freedom in bursting jets of bubbling soda water, in cascades that chatter down the cañon side or merge into great curtains of crystal that cover mossy cliffs.

The Sacramento widens, deepens, and the head of the fertile valley broadens out. Here are smiling farms and cheerful orchards, all wearing a happy aspect though working overtime to enrich their owners. And so Sacramento, capital of California, is reached, founded before the days of '49 by General Sutter, who, with his ship and Kanaka crew fresh from the South Seas, sailed up the river and established a fort at the junction of the American and Sacramento rivers; a fort of which the adobe walls, after foiling many a dawn attack of shrieking Indians, still stand and shelter the relics of those frontier days. The "Camellia City" they call Sacramento, in recognition of its plants and flowers and general atmosphere of the semi-tropics. It is the center of a land already wealthy and yet barely exploited, a valley rich with alluvial soils that everywhere are showing samples of what they can do as a whole. The Sacramento

River is navigable from far above the city down to San Francisco Bay. In the beginning of railroad days and for some time after the linking of East and West, Sacramento was the terminal of the Southern (then the Central) Pacific steamers completing the trip to and from San Francisco. Improved editions of these steamers ply to-day between the protected banks of the river, guarded by mighty levees that shield the lavish fields behind them. Tickets are interchangeable, and many break the train journey and enjoy the novelty of the ride on the fine steamboats through



Southern Pacific's new steamer Seminole on the Netherlands route

these Netherlands of America by daylight. Here is wide variety of industries—orchards, vineyards, asparagus and cantaloupe fields, great trees fringing the river, the life of the stream itself, from the great grain barges towed by strenuous tugs, the scow schooners laden with hay, down to the launches and picturesque craft of the Sicilian and Greek fishermen out after the salmon, shad and striped bass which swarm in the river. Near the bay, Mare Island Navy Yard is passed, where the Pacific arm of the Navy refits and repairs. The great harbor itself, with its craft of all rigs and sizes flying the flags of all the Seven Seas, with its blue waters and mountains rimming the shores or isleting the water, is a sight of never-failing interest.

From Sacramento, too, fine auto roads climb the mountains up to Lake Tahoe, many motorists shipping their machines from San Francisco by the steamers of the Southern Pacific river service. For those who remain on the train, the way after leaving the Capital City leads through the reeds and waterways of the marsh lands that fringe the river and the delta islands. Here in season vast flocks of mallard

and sprig and canvasback have brought high values to these marshy acres where sportsmen have builded themselves clubhouses from which to sally forth before sunup and lie in wait for duck dinners.

Coming out of the tule lands, the train—engines, coaches, passengers and all—crosses the Straits of Carquinez, where river merges into bay, on the back of the Solano, a mammoth ferry-boat, the largest of its kind; and, hastening down the eastern shore of the Bay, past busy factories with their wharves reaching into the deep water, is soon in the suburbs of Berkeley and of Oakland. Here at Berkeley is the fine University of California, with its judiciously applied wealth for the education of both sexes, its famous Greek Theater where world-famous actresses have played, musicians entertained and presidents discoursed, and its classic seat upon the hills that look across the bay to Mount Tamalpais and the Golden Gate itself. Oakland, a younger sister of San Francisco, is a modern city of great potentiality. It is the shipping port of a prosperous community and the centralizing point of vast rail-

road systems. Here are many factories and shipbuilding industries, while the unusual climate and ideal location have made it a home city that attracts many of the business makers of San Francisco besides its own big and ever rapidly growing population.

From Oakland long jetties project far into the bay, reaching out almost to Goat Island, where young men with nautical ambitions are turned into sailors for Uncle Sam's navy. Here the tourists say farewell to the train and take ferry for San Francisco, twenty minutes away across the shining bay, clearly to be seen, with the graceful Ferry Building tower prominent in the immediate foreground, and behind, the city seated on its hundred hills, a mass of buildings gleaming in the sunshine, the City of a Thousand Delights, the place of a renowned hospitality, with all the ability and accommodations to fulfil its invitation.

The which is the most direct
Overland way between the East and
Route California, runs from
Omaha and its eastern connections, almost directly following the trails of the pioneers who made their

way overland to California across the plains and mountains, by Indian trail and buffalo path, following the Platte River, crossing the Great Divide in their prairie schooners, and finally seeing their dreams of a land of peace and plenty realized in the sunny plains of Sacramento as viewed by them from the summit of the Sierra Nevada. Through fertile Nebraska, where the wild prairies have long ago been converted into farms, across Wyoming with its vast expanses, glorious sunsets and battlements of vividly colored rocks, the train speeds through the picturesque gorge of the Weber River, by a succession of curious cliff formations, past the Devil's Slide thrust out of the red hillside in white-walled aggressiveness, past the Witches' Rocks and Pulpit Rock, where Mormon enthusiasts halted on their way to their Promised Land while Brigham Young preached them a sermon as they rested; down to Ogden, junction point for Salt Lake City—the City of the Saints, erected by the shores of America's Dead Sea, the strange sea of silence and of briny bitterness.

A short side ride from Ogden is Salt Lake City, where the Mormons have established their headquarters "between the desert and the sown," the former of which they are rapidly converting by their continuous industry into the latter. The Mormon Temple, built of stone quarried from the Wasatch Mountains miles away, the Tabernacle with its great organ and choir and its wonderful acoustics; the memorials of earlier days when the Mormons were yet an unsettled flock shepherded by their leaders, reminders of the moving spirits of those somewhat troublous times—all are of unusual interest.

Saltair, Salt Lake's seaside resort, if the lake can be properly described as a sea, is close by. There you can wade but not dip in the briny and test the impossibility of sinking, or swimming either, in the saline pickle that quickly covers you with salt crystals. Gulls are here, to carry out the seaside illusion, with pelicans and herons that live on the lonely islands of the interior sea, seen when the journey is resumed across the Great Salt Lake Cut-Off, where the



Set among pines is the hotel at Tahoe

railroad has made a solid trackway dividing the waters upon which the traveler goes to sea by rail.

Leaving Salt Lake the journey continues through Nevada, the State whose deserts are rapidly being reclaimed from the sagebrush and made to blossom like the rose through judicious reclamation water projects under Government management. Hazen is the station nearest to the works

of the Truckee-Carson Project, part of which is passed close to the train. From Fallon, too, branch lines run to Tonopah, Goldfield and the other rich mining towns of this wealthy district, famous throughout the world within the last five years.

Climbing up the Sierra Nevada, the station of Truckee is reached a short distance before Summit, the highest point, is attained. From Truckee runs the Lake Tahoe road to Tahoe City on the shores of this beautiful lake, which has its fresh-water level half a mile above that of the sea. The lake is a third of a mile deep, twenty-three miles long and thirteen wide. It is surrounded by mountains crested with perpetual snow; all about are pine forests, grassy flower-set meadows, streams flowing, cataracts falling into it. The train ride from Truckee is fifteen miles, connecting with a steamer that makes the circuit of the lake, calling at the many resorts upon the shores. These are planned to suit all tastes and pocket-books, from the commodious and luxurious Tahoe Tavern to less pretentious summer places and tent cities. Lake Tahoe itself is the center, with

scores of other lakes, all of them beautiful and accessible, some of them with resort places of their own, as Lakes Independence, Donner and Fallen Leaf. This is the Switzerland of America, and, aside from the sheer beauty of the region, its boating, its walks and drives and climbs by pine forests, glen and glade and mountain ridge and summit, there is much attraction in the first-class fishing and hunting. Lake Tahoe is full of big trout that even the tyro can catch, and all the streams and smaller lakes are equally prolific. The Truckee River, which has its rise in the lake, parallels the branch line to Truckee Station and hastens into Nevada, is a famous trout stream. Ten-day stopovers are allowed at Truckee; the principal trains east and west connect with the trains to and from the lake, and California may fairly be said to have been unvisited without a trip to Tahoe.

Leaving Truckee, San Francisco is only twelve hours away—twelve hours that pass very easily while gazing on the swiftly changing scenery. From snowbanks and trees of evergreen you catch the gleam of beautiful

Donner Lake far below the track but easily visited from Truckee in less than an hour. Here was the scene of a tragedy of pioneer days, when a party struggling across the mountains perished in the snows. Other lakes are passed, glimpses are seen of silver rivers glistening in the depths of mighty cañons, at Blue Cañon and at Cape Horn, where the train seems clinging to the face of the cliff itself as might some mammoth insect. The abandoned placer mines of Bret Harte days are passed, and names like Dutch Flat, Gold Run and Midas conjure up tales of those stirring red-blooded days. Once the foothills are reached, palms and roses appear in the prosperous towns, the scent of fruit awaiting shipment steals in at the open windows, orchards are everywhere, running across hill and vale, pre-empting every foot of the fertile soil.

The foothills give place to fertile plains and the train reaches the Capital City of Sacramento to complete the journey to San Francisco, as already outlined in the previous pages.

All men are impressed in varying degrees by the merely beautiful and

by the sublime in nature. The souls of some go out to the softer shadings, the exquisite, the delicately drawn, as a gem of a lake set in evergreen and woodland or a sea rich in tropical colorings. Others look to the mighty for their soul inspiration, the snow-capped mountains that pierce the clouds, torrential waterfalls and the manifest work of the world's cataclysmic forces. It is rare, almost without parallel, that one land, any one country or section of a country, makes its scenic appeal to fit the longings of all. Such a country, however, is California, and from San Francisco and Los Angeles as centers more enjoyable one-, two-, three-day and week-long trips may be taken than from perhaps any other cities in the world. Only the most noteworthy of these jaunts into the realm of the beautiful, with these two cities as starting-points, are enumerated.

In itself is much to be seen.
San It is a cosmopolitan city
Francisco rich in entertainment resources. Its situation on the hills overlooking the bay and the girdling mountains, gazing through the Golden Gate to western sunsets



Market Street, San Francisco

and Oriental seas, is magnificent. The buildings, inspired by the wonderful climate, are beautiful and striking, many of them of purely classic outline, as befits a city which for environment and climate might well be on the shores of the Ionian Sea. Streets are broad, with statues and monuments and semi-tropical parks at many of the intersections. The hotels are notable and would be so in any world city. The Palace, with its palm court, down-town, the Fairmont on the hilltop, modeled after a European palace, the Saint Francis in the heart of the city opposite Union Square, head a list of accommodations unequaled by any city of its size. The stores, replenished from the world's markets, are surpassed nowhere. Theatres and their attrac-

tions, café life, enhanced by chefs and orchestras and the characteristic menus of several nations, all are of enduring fascination. The water-front, with keels ploughing in and out from the oceans of both hemispheres, its mingling of nationalities, Kanakas from the southern, whalers from the remoter northern seas as the extremes, with seafaring folk of all the world between them, is well worth a morning's stroll. The Latin quarter, where people of Italy and the Mediterranean generally live much as they did at home, has constant charm. So has Chinatown, that little corner of Cathay, thoroughly comfortable in its Occidental setting and governed under its own manners, customs and laws. By day or night the place has a romantic charm with its bizarre costumes, the enigmatic faces which seem to hide strange thoughts and mysteries, the bazaars with a wealth of brocades and ivories, porcelains, carvings and bronzes; the temples, the opium smokers and the pungent scents and unusual sights of the district. Reliable guides can be obtained for the trip, through any of the hotels or information bureaus.

The seaward side of San Francisco with its fine boulevard and beach is readily reached through all of the car lines. Here is Golden Gate Park, four miles long and two miles wide, once wind-swept sand dunes, now a place of bloom and verdure. Here are a museum, an aviary, a conservatory, grizzly bears and wild things in cages and dens, buffalo, deer, elk and kangaroo grazing in open paddock, an art gallery, a Japanese garden and tea-house, children's playground, tennis courts and baseball park, a chain of lakes for boating and scenic pleasure, a great stadium where marathons are won and lost, a speed track; all that both sexes and all ages could desire. Miles of excellent paths for motoring, driving and walking, with bridleways beneath trees from all climates, by banks and beds of shrubs and flowers, by palms and turfy lawns, past great windmills that pump up the water that is the life-blood of the park; out to the long boulevard that runs beside the sea and far away southwards. Here are the Seal Rocks where sea lions bark and swim and fight and fish, and are always on ex-

hibition. Above them is the Cliff House on the verge of the cliff where one eats sunset dinners and from the terrace views the stately ships pass in and out of the Golden Gate. Back of the Cliff House is a park in miniature, known as Sutro's Heights, from which a splendid view is obtained. Sutro's Baths, largest of their kind in the country, have their water renewed constantly from the ocean outside the front wall of glass, and heated to varying temperatures. The Presidio, with guns, some hidden and some defiantly in plain view, with soldiers drilling beside placid golf links all dotted with flowers, is close by, with a mile and a half of water-front and over fifteen hundred acres of well-kept grounds.

This Ocean Boulevard is the commencement of the modern edition of the old Camino Real—the King's Highway that ran all the way down the coast of California linking mission with mission. The dusty trail once trodden by the sandals of the padres is to-day a macadamized highroad, crowned and drained and built to defy the spurning wheels of speeding motors. San Francisco's Mission,

known as Dolores, still stands beside its mournful cemetery, its walls and roof and Indian decorated interior still intact by virtue of the sturdy building of those days when rawhide thongs took the place of nails. It is closer into town, well in the suburban district. It was founded in 1776 by Padre Junipero Serra, premier of Californian missionaries. There is a Mint in the city in the business district which is an interesting place to visit.

AROUND THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO

After seeing San Francisco's far-famed Chinatown, Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House and Seal Rocks, after a ride along the three-mile boulevard facing the beating surf of the Pacific Ocean and a view of the city rebuilt, after an excursion that looks for the distinguishing life atmosphere of a city distinctively different from all others, take a trip around the Bay of San Francisco on one of the Government tugs. This trip will consume but a few hours, but it will give you a better idea of the bay and its fortified islands, the provisions made by the Government for our coast

defense and the national bigness of San Francisco than one hundred pages of text. Steamers from Clay Street wharf. Permits for this trip are procurable from the Army and Navy Headquarters, Chronicle Building.

THE BAY TOWNS

Oakland, Take a Southern Pacific
Alameda, ferry-boat to the Oakland
Berkeley Mole and a Southern Pacific local train to Berkeley, California's great educational seat. The University of California with its beautiful grounds and buildings, its famed Greek Theatre, its broad view of the bay, the Golden Gate and the city of San Francisco in the distance, is well worth a visit. Then go by electric street-car line to Oakland, lunching at Piedmont and including the Claremont Country Club in the itinerary. They're all worth while and will give you an idea of San Francisco's immediate surroundings, which are as distinctive as the greater city itself. From Oakland take an electric street-car line to Alameda, returning to San Francisco the same day.

The cost is infinitesimal. Ten cents each way for ferry service includes transportation on suburban lines far

into the suburbs. Alameda is a pleasant and sunny place much favored by home-builders on account of its climate. It has a water-front much used for bathing and boating.

Oakland has already been mentioned as a city of wonderful growth. They call it the City of Opportunity, for the opportunities it opens up to manufacturing interests by virtue of its railroad and water facilities. Its climate is practically ideal. Tourists will generally be astonished to find just across the water from San Francisco a metropolitan city of such modern construction and such vigorous life and growth. Oakland has a wonderful boulevard system that runs southward, starting at Lake Merritt, a beautiful sheet of water in the center of the city, on past continuous suburbs down the eastern shores of the bay until it merges with the Camino Real. Piedmont Sulphur Springs should be visited in Oakland, also the Ostrich Farm, the Museum and the Art Gallery.

Tamalpais A one-day round trip from San Francisco by boat and railroad—the crookedest railroad in the world. From San Francisco to Sausalito by boat, with

a broadside view of the Golden Gate, then to Mill Valley on the electric train of the Northwestern Pacific and so up the mountainside to the top of Mount Tamalpais, from which a scene of unexampled beauty and variety lies unfolded below. As the eye sweeps around in a circle you see the Pacific Ocean, San Francisco seated on its many hills, San Francisco Bay, the beautiful Marin County lowlands and uplands, San Rafael nestling in a bed of flowers, the Lagunitas Lake and the loftier peaks of Napa County. Even the most seasoned tourist of the world runs to rapture on the top of Mount Tamalpais. The Tavern at which the railroad stops affords all the comforts and convenience of a city hotel.

Half way up a branch of the railroad leads to the Muir Woods, where giant redwoods two or three thousand years old stand in lofty contemplation about a crystal brook. Here also are good accommodations in an inn designed to suit the surroundings.

Round trip to either Muir Woods or Tavern of Tamalpais, \$1.90; round trip to both Muir Woods and Tavern of Tamalpais, \$2.90.

Sausalito Sometimes called the "Sorrento of America" because of its picturesque situation on the hill-sides overlooking the bay. It is a residence town, and has many artistic homes showing fine effects in modern architecture and matchless effects in natural setting. Southern terminus of the Northwestern Pacific Railroad, reached by ferry from San Francisco. Fare 25 cents for the round trip.

Tiburon Charming bay-shore suburbs, the latter being built **and Belvedere** in terraces on a steep and wooded slope of Belvedere "Island." Reached by ferry from San Francisco. Fare 40 cents for the round trip. Here and at Sausalito are the yachting clubs of San Francisco.

Mill Valley Beautifully located suburban town among the madrones and redwoods at the base of Mount Tamalpais, where the Scenic Railway is taken for Muir Woods and the top of the mountains. Also the site of "Marsh's Japanese Tea Garden." Well worth stopping over one train to see. Fare from San Francisco 40 cents for the round trip.

San Rafael Board a Sausalito ferry-boat at the foot of Market Street and enjoy a thirty-five minute ride on the bay, with the sweep of the Golden Gate before you, landing at Sausalito with its myriad of embowered homes on the hillside. Then take the Northwestern electric train to San Anselmo. Drive through this country home district to San Rafael, county seat of Marin County, one of San Francisco's beautiful suburbs. Here you will see houses and trees set about with roses and other brilliantly colored flowers. Should you care to give a full day to this trip you will find many garden restaurants in and close to San Rafael with a cuisine and service that smack of Broadway. Railroad fare to San Anselmo or San Rafael, round trip, 50 cents.

Santa Rosa County seat and largest town of Sonoma County, a thriving business and residence town fifty-two miles from San Francisco. Here is located the home and extensive experimental grounds of Luther Burbank, the "plant wizard." There are also numerous manufactories. Single

fare from San Francisco, \$1.25; Saturday to Monday, round trip, \$2.25; Sunday excursion, \$1.50.

Cloverdale Sonoma County, eighty-three miles from San Francisco. Center of citrus industry of Northern California. An attractive town with lovely country homes surrounding it. Close at hand are numerous camping spots and vacation resorts, easily reached by stage from Cloverdale. Excellent hunting and fishing all through this section. Single fare from San Francisco, \$2.25; Sunday excursion, \$3.00; summer round trip, \$4.00.

Ukiah Seat of Mendocino County, with a population of four thousand. Situated in center of a fertile and beautiful valley. Russian River close by. From this point can be taken many delightful stage trips through the redwoods and to the many resorts in the mountains and woods, and there is also a regular stage service between Ukiah and Coast points. Fine fishing and hunting can be found in this neighborhood during the season. The scenery about Ukiah is unsurpassed, the sport varied and interesting. Single fare from San Francisco, \$3.50; Saturday to Monday,

or summer round trip, \$6.75; Sunday excursion, \$4.50.

Monte Rio The objective point of the "Triangle Trip" of the Northwestern Pacific, is a beautiful little city clinging to the steep hills overlooking the Russian River, and noted for its aquatic sports, hospitable hotels and variety of natural scenery. Excursionists have several hours at Monte Rio, which can be spent in rowing, bathing, naphtha launch trip on the river, strolls along the beach, or wandering through majestic redwood groves gathering wild flowers and ferns of many varieties, which are to be found in profusion. Sunday fare, \$2.20; Friday or Saturday, \$2.50; summer round trip, \$2.80.

Point Reyes Very appropriately called the "Fisherman's Paradise." In the vicinity are many streams, and it is here that the California Anglers' Association hold their annual field days. Inverness is located a short distance from Point Reyes and is noted for its excellent beach and fish hatchery, the latter supplying the fish for planting in the streams near Point Reyes. Single fare from San Francisco, \$1.00; Friday to Monday, \$1.25; Sunday excursion, \$1.00.

Byron Two hours' run from San
Hot Francisco reaches Byron Hot
Springs Springs, a famous spa whose
virtues were known and ex-
tollled by the Indians long before the
white man came. Here, in an oasis of



Byron Hot Springs

lawns and palms overshadowed by tall eucalypti and made brilliant by beds and bushes of bloom, is a fine hotel of Moorish design, covering beneath one roof hotel, baths and hospital, the last in a separate wing. Registered cures are many, the waters and mud closely approximating those of European

spas. The place is also well known as a pleasure resort and made a center by motorists. Mount Diablo is close by and the drives through the orchard lands of Contra Costa County are very enjoyable. The fare to Byron Hot Springs is \$1.85 each way.

San Jose, Start at the Southern Pa-
Palo Alto, cific Station at Third and
Stanford Townsend streets, get a
University ticket for San Jose, called
and Mount the Garden City. It's a
Hamilton short run of fifty miles,
but it takes you away
from a commercial seaport to an in-
land city set amid gardens and or-
chards, for San Jose is the collecting
point for a vast acreage of deciduous
fruits. Nearby you will find Saratoga
and Alum Rock Springs Park, trips of
short duration by electric car. The
fare to San Jose is \$2.50, round trip.
Twenty-eight miles distant from San
Jose is Mount Hamilton, topped with
the Lick Observatory, accessible by
stage over a mountain road that un-
folds an ever-changing panorama in
which the colorings of sky, mountains
and plain mingle in wondrous effects.
Time your trip to be on the mountain
Saturday night, when you will be al-

lowed to look through the big Lick telescope that draws the starry deeps almost into the observatory itself. The stage fare is \$5.00, round trip.

En route to San Jose stop at Palo Alto and see the Stanford University, its famous quadrangle and its distinctive and beautiful buildings and grounds.

The university (its real name is Leland Stanford Junior University) is the most richly endowed college of America. It was established through the munificence of Mrs. Stanford in memory of her son. Senator Stanford, whose wealth made possible the endowment, Mrs. Stanford, and the son for whom the university is a memorial, are all dead, but the establishment is but showing the first signs of a vigorous growth. Like the University of California at Berkeley, Stanford is a real university, being coeducational, a limit, however, being set on the number of women students.



Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, Cal.

MONTEREY BAY POINTS

<p>Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Carmel-by-the-Sea (One-day Trip)</p>	<p>Hotel Del Monte is only 125 miles dis- tant from San Fran- cisco, both coming and going being easily done in a</p>
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day's trip, if you feel you have but a single day to give this most delightful and exquisite of all California's resorts. The Hotel Del Monte is heralded to the ends of the civilized world. Its shaded oiled roads, its sequestered groves, its parks and flowers, famous year-round golf links and tennis courts, and above all the Seventeen-Mile Drive along the edge of Monterey Bay, that marine road that world travelers never tire telling about, transport the soul into the realm of

the superlative. And but a few minutes' drive from the Hotel Del Monte are Monterey, that sleepy old Spanish village, an echo of ancient Californian romance, and Pacific Grove, another of California's extraordinary sea places, a hamlet of quiet charm beneath the pines, much sought after by those in search of recreation without excitement. Six miles from Monterey by stage, fare twenty-five cents, is Carmel-by-the-Sea, and also by-the-Carmel-River, upon the banks of which is Carmel Mission, founded by Serra, in and beneath the altar of which lie the bones of the famous priest. Carmel town is the center of a cultured coterie of artists, writers and others of the sciences, who not only dream but achieve, inspired by the beauty of the place and the vigor which animates the breezes that blow all down the coast of California. Fare to Del Monte, each way, \$3.00; Sunday excursion, round trip, \$2.50.

Santa Cruz Santa Cruz is another of the great sea resorts of Northern California, 79 miles distant from San Francisco, a lively, bustling amusement place with a wonderful beach and excellent hotel service. The

Casino, night and day, is agog with animation, the life of the big beach hotel (Casa del Rey) always inviting, and the beach thick with sea-bathers. When making the Santa Cruz trip—and it can be done in a day from San Francisco and return—it is advisable to take the Santa Cruz Mountain line, where one gets a glimpse of the Big Trees—those *Sequoia Sempervirens*—redwoods towering skyward from trunks big enough to build a fair-sized cabin on and old beyond the calculation of man. On the return trip go via Watsonville, through San Jose, Palo Alto and San Mateo, the chosen home sites of San Francisco's millionaire colony. Watsonville is in the Pajaro Valley, famed for its luscious strawberries and also for juicy apples, crops so sought for that the fruit is bought for Australian markets before it has ripened on the trees. Watsonville, a town of much charm, is the center of all this valley industry and wealth.

You will find it worth while, if you have the time, to make a two-day trip out of this Monterey Bay country, making Del Monte, Monterey, the Seventeen-Mile Drive, Pacific Grove,

in one day, stopping at Del Monte over night and returning the next day to San Francisco via Santa Cruz. Fare to Santa Cruz, \$2.80 each way; Sunday excursion, round trip, \$2.50.

Lake Tahoe From San Francisco to Truckee by Southern Pacific and by Lake Tahoe Railway and Transportation Company along the Truckee River to Lake Tahoe, greatest of California's lakes, 6240 feet above sea-level, and more naturally beautiful than Como or Maggiore, overpoweringly magnificent, set in mountains more than 11,000 feet high. Great trees line the shore and the ever-changing color makes a picture that will never be effaced from the mind. Tahoe Tavern, where the train stops, is on the banks of the lake right in the midst of towering pines—a hotel noted for its elegance and comfort. Tallac, another notable hotel, is at the southern end of the lake close to Mount Tallac. The twin-screw steamer Tahoe leaves the wharf at Tahoe Tavern every morning for the trip around the lake, the steamer connecting with the train, the train with the main line service at Truckee—a dis-

tance of 72 miles, every inch of which is full of scenic sensation. There are many beautiful side trips into the mountains. This is the ideal country for the trout fisherman, and all summer long the lakes and streams in this region are whipped for fish that bite. It's a poor fisherman who doesn't bring in a basketful at Tahoe. Other resorts at Tahoe are Homewood, McKinneys, Tallac, Moana Villa, Al Tahoe, Glenbrook, Rubicon Springs and Emerald Bay Camp, with rates that vary from \$2.00 a day at camps up, according to the resort. Fare, \$8.45 each way. Ten-day round-trip excursion ticket on sale May 14 to June 25, September 15 to October 5, 1911, \$9.80.

El Paso You have perhaps come
de Robles into California for a rest
Hot Springs as well as recreation and
sight-seeing. If so, get all
three at Paso Robles, 217 miles from
the Southern Pacific's depot at Third
and Townsend streets, San Francisco.
Paso Robles is reached in six hours.
Here you will find the most scientific
hydropathic treatment in the world
and waters so curative in quality that
they rival the famous spas of the old



Paso Robles Hot Springs, Paso Robles, Cal.

world. Two million gallons of sulphur water a day flow into the bathhouse and out again. The Kurhaus cost \$100,000; the fine hotel, connected with the baths by an arcade, is set in a park of trees shading lawns and flower beds. Here, too, is a fine plunge and swimming bath. And but a few

miles distant is the old San Miguel Mission, one of the best preserved of all the missions of California. The country around Paso Robles is so markedly beautiful that even without the famous spa itself it would be a delightful place to spend a vacation in the open. Fare, \$6.20 each way; special excursions, fare, \$8.30 round trip.

Santa Barbara Santa Barbara is but four hours from Los Angeles, a distance of one hundred miles on the Southern Pacific's main line between the southern city and San Francisco. Here the traveler will find two hotels exquisite in appointments and service, the Potter and the Arlington, a beach looking out into the broad, cerulean Pacific, and a town that forever sounds the soft pedal of dreamy romance. Santa Barbara is set in a bowl of hills that melts into the ocean. Color is everywhere, the fields, the gardens, the sky, the ocean—the artist's dream by day and night. The place has been named the City of the Smiling Channel, and there is no more beautiful watering-place in America. A palm-shaded boulevard runs just above the sparkling surf, with the blue channel a pathway to a



Santa Barbara Mission, founded 1786

group of islands, some of considerable size, that are charming with their caves and arches and their beaches and brook-kissed cañons. Behind the modern city is the Mission of Santa Barbara, best preserved of them all, with a noble façade flanked by two tall bell-towers used years ago by the sailors of Dana's day as landmarks. Here the Franciscan friars perform their daily tasks, clad in the brown robes of their order. Here are gardens forbidden to women, where blossoms shower down into the fountains all the

year round, a cemetery full of memories and a vast chapel still ornamented by the crude but heartfelt work of Indian neophytes. The Mission may be visited at any hour of the day. Close by it is the Mission Cañon and the fine Mountain Boulevard, leading by stately homes with wonderful Italian and Persian gardens to beautiful Montecito. The Potter Hotel has a country club at the Hope Rancho, close to town, where golf and polo are played. The Cliff Road connects the two, though another way leads through the town by prosperous orange and walnut orchards. Fare from Los Angeles, \$3.15 each way. Stopovers on through tickets carrying such privilege via Southern Pacific's Coast Line.

Shasta A night's ride from San
Springs Francisco, lies resplendent
and regal Mount Shasta,
over 14,000 feet above the level of the
sea, and right in the midst of the
mountains from which it rears its
lofty peak is Shasta Springs. All
about you is redolent of fir and bal-
sam, the air clear as a whistle. Go to
Shasta Springs, give it at least two
days of your time and you will come
back to San Francisco with a knowl-

edge of the character of some of the most diversified land in the world — California's rugged mountains and richest valleys. Every hour of the ten



Mossbrae Falls, near
Shasta Springs

spent on the train will be full of scenic revel. Every minute at Shasta Springs, where the water comes gushing down the mountainside, will be a new tonic of animation and the joy of living. The fishing in the Sacramento River Cañon is of the best; all about are ferns and flowers, woodland ways and trips to neighboring crags and peaks and lakes, with views made more enjoyable by the keen, pure mountain air. Fare, \$9.10 each way. Season excursion round-trip fare, April 29 to October 25, 1911, \$12.15.

Yosemite Yosemite! You can make
Valley Yosemite on the jump, but
rather is it to your enduring
satisfaction to give the valley one week
of your precious time. Leaving Oakland



Yosemite Falls, 2600 feet

in a wonderfully equipped Pullman in the evening you arrive at El Portal in the morning, and in the afternoon you begin a trip that forces ecstatic transports every second of your way as you thread the road past Inspiration Point, Nevada Falls, the Yosemite Falls, El Capitan, the Three Brothers and all the other inspiring heights and great torrential streams.

Yosemite Valley is one of the great show places of Nature, and, not to slight it, it should be viewed leisurely and then absorbed into the soul. Whatever else you see in California, don't miss Yosemite.

Yosemite Valley is open the year round, and so are the hotels of Del Portal and the Sentinel, in the center of the Valley, all equipped with modern accommodations of steam heat, electric light, telephone and kindred comforts. In the summertime there are excellent camps that are much patronized. These are Camps Ahwahnee, Lost Arrow and Curry, all in the heart of the Valley, with fine sleeping, meal and sanitary arrangements at a cost of \$2.50 daily. Reached by stage from the Sentinel Hotel or from Glacier Point Hotel on the top of



In the Big Tree (Mariposa) Grove

Glacier Point are the Mariposa Big Trees—*Sequoia Gigantea*—ninety feet in circumference, three hundred feet high, four thousand years old, hundreds of them. This is a side trip of a day, starting and ending at noon, the night being spent close to the Grove at the Wawona Hotel. The stage fare is \$15.00. Stage fare into the Valley from El Portal is included in the railroad fare of \$22.35.

Rates at the Sentinel, Glacier Point and Wawona hotels are \$4.00.

KING'S RIVER CAÑON AND KERN RIVER CAÑON

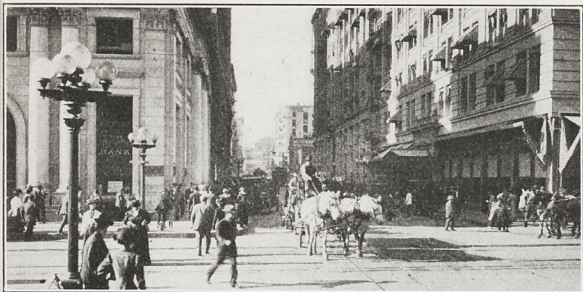
A side trip into the King's River Cañon takes you into the very heart of the Sierras, the sublime mountain fastnesses of California, where forest, sky-scraping mountains, roaring, rushing streams and glacial lakes abound. The King's River Cañon is on the South fork of King's River, and is almost, if not quite, as beautiful as the Yosemite Valley. Not even in the Alps can you see a more magnificent mountain panorama. To reach this exalted country take the Southern Pacific to Visalia, where a connection

is made with the Electric Railway for Lemon Cove, thence by stage to Juanita Meadows, a delightful mountain resort. Objects of transcendent interest in the cañon are the California Grove, the General Grant National Park, Sequoia National Park, all with their summer camps standing amid groves of big trees, Cedar Grove, Camp Kanawyer, Mist Falls, Roaring River Falls, Paradise Cañon, the Gorge of Tehipite.

From Copper Creek the Kern River Cañon can be reached with ease and made on the way home. It is a rival of King's Cañon in wealth of wild beauty and equally as inspiring.

It is said that in this country the finest trout fishing in all the world is to be found. Part of the comfort of this trip is that everything is provided. You take but your personal belongings, and while on the stage, the trail or at the camps you are amply and fully furnished.

The Southern Pacific issues a special illustrated folder entitled "King's River Cañon," which will be forwarded upon application. Any agent will gladly supply details of the trip.



Los Angeles, metropolis of the south

FROM LOS ANGELES

Pasadena and Los Angeles, the city, **Mount Lowe** will occupy your time with interest for a few days, and then you will ride to the outlying districts, including Pasadena. Palms, exotic plants, the most brilliant floral ornamentation covering even the housetops will have become a commonplace to you. But when you go to Pasadena your admiration is shaken loose again. As you drive past the magnificent palatial homes and the hotels, each larger and more beautiful than the other, you realize the insignificance of the superlative. And it's all less than an hour's ride from Los Angeles itself. Pasadena is just

another wonder of the Southland, but you'll never forget it.

Thirty years ago Los Angeles was a Spanish pueblo with unpaved streets and a sleepy population. Its climate was its chief asset, and as soon as American energy got in touch with the climate the city began to grow, until today it is the second largest in population of California. Water was the first thing to be arranged for, and that once engineered, orange and lemon groves sprang up everywhere, the rancher found he could surround himself with all the beautiful and useful growths of the semi-tropic and temperate zones, soon the city had a magnificent park system, millionaires came and saw and stayed, building themselves wonderful home places, and so the suburbs stretched out, beautiful in their wealth of fruit and verdure, and ever the city grew to keep up with the needs of a constantly augmenting and prosperous people, until now the good folk of the City of the Angels point with just triumph to their city as up to date in every respect with any city of America. There are fine ho-

tels here as in San Francisco, and in Pasadena are three hotels famous the world over among travelers, the Green, the Raymond, and the Maryland. Close to the city, so near to the track that it can well be photographed from the train, is the pictur-



Hotel Virginia, Long Beach

esque Mission of San Gabriel Arcangel, established long before Los Angeles was thought of, and for which the mission chapel Nuestra Señora Reina de los Angeles, facing the old Spanish plaza in the city, was established as an assistant or missionary edifice.

Los Angeles' A day's trip to the
Superb beautiful beaches that
Beaches lie to the west of Los
Angeles, less than forty
minutes' distance on fast-going superb
electric trains, will be greatly en-
joyed. Venice, Santa Monica, Ocean
Park and Long Beach are all easily
tapped from Los Angeles. Here you
will find an abundance of seaside-
life resorts, where every summer pleas-
ure and pastime finds its fitting
place. At Long Beach is the Hotel
Virginia, the finest seaside hotel in
this country.

All these beaches, many of which
are prosperous towns, in some instances
connected with big orchard interests,
are alike in such details as the firm,
wide beaches, the sparkling surf, ex-
cellent fishing from the long piers that
run out far beyond the surf line, danc-
ing pavilions and amusement build-
ings; but each has its individual
charm. Venice, for example, is built
in imitation of its Mediterranean
namesake, with buildings of Venetian
type, with canals and gondolas, with
a great lagoon and a ship hotel
modeled on an Old World galleon that
might seem to have stranded on these

Western shores. Santa Monica and Long Beach are populous communities, real towns beside the sea. Ocean Park has many homes of Los Angeles business folk who run down to the sea after the day's work. All of them have ample accommodations for the visitor at reasonable rates. Electric car fares approximate 50 cents for the round trip to each of the beaches.

Mount Lowe Mount Lowe is a one-day trip from Los Angeles, and you can make it the same day that you go to Pasadena. From the Southern Pacific's Pasadena station, or that of the suburban electric line, you take the cars to Rubio Cañon, where begins the wonderful incline to Mount Lowe. Echo Mountain and the Observatory are reached first, 3500 feet above the sea-level and then Ye Alpine Tavern, 1500 feet higher. The tip of Mount Lowe is another 1000 feet above you. The panorama that lies below will thrill to the quick. The return trip will get you back to Los Angeles in the afternoon, and you will always hold the day as one of the memorable ones in your lifetime of seeing things vast, wonderful and beautiful. Fare from Los Angeles and return, \$2.50.

The Inside Track— To visit Los Angeles and not take the Inside Track or Orange Belt trip is not to know the greatest citrus fruit belt and flower garden of Southern California. The way lies through San Gabriel Valley, Pomona Valley and the broad sweep of the San Bernardino Valley, with a short side trip to Riverside.

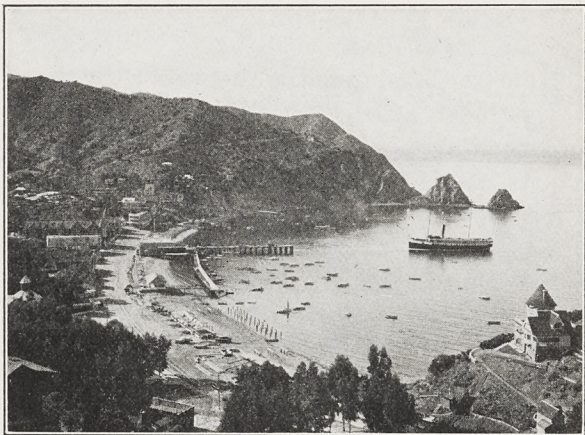
Take the Southern Pacific Inside Track Flyer from the Arcade Station any morning and make this trip



The beautiful Mission Hotel at Riverside

through the Orange Belt, returning at 7 p. m. to Los Angeles. As the main line runs midway in the valleys, you get the finest possible view of the mountains and surrounding country—a view of cities, orchards and arroyos, all bathed in warm golden sunlight. If possible a few days should be given to this most unusual side trip, but if time is an object, one day will suffice to fix in your mind the land of the golden orange. Of the famous hotels in this section of the country your attention is called to the celebrated Glenwood in Riverside. The cities you pass through—Covina, San Dimas, Pomona, Ontario, Colton—are all distinctively beautiful. Fare, round trip, \$2.75, including trip to Redlands, \$3.00.

Catalina Island From Los Angeles to San Pedro by train, a one-hour ride, and then a two-hour jaunt out into the Pacific to the most entrancing bit of sea-land on the western shore—a semi-tropical island in whose shore-waters are sea-gardens inhabited by fish as glowing in color as their sea-forest homes. Catalina is the island of surprises to all. Besides being the cherished ground of



Avalon, Catalina Island

big game fish, its soft and poetic beauty possesses a charm not found anywhere else on this side of the continent.

Here are an excellent hotel, the Metropole, and accommodations, including restaurants, boarding-houses and tent cities.

Leave Los Angeles for San Pedro, 9:05 a. m.

Leave San Pedro for Catalina, 10 a. m.

Fare, round trip, \$2.50.

Coronado Coronado is also within striking distance of Los Angeles—distant 127 miles, a trip of

four hours. Here across the bay from San Diego, California's southernmost water city, you will find the Hotel Coronado, one of the noteworthy resorts of the State, the largest of America's year-round resorts. Bathing and all aquatic sports are here indulged in, amid a climate superb for its mildness, yet full of the tonic of sea-salt.

Close by is the settlement of the Theosophists under the "Purple Mother," open to visitors and interesting in its customs and its unusual buildings.

San Diego itself is full of charm. There is a fine hotel, the U. S. Grant, besides many others worth while. Not far from town are the famous caves of La Jolla. The Mission San Diego is near the town, well preserved and well worth a visit. Fare, round trip, \$5.00.

Sunset Route Between Los Angeles and New Orleans, by the southern road, the "Sunset Route," as it is popularly named, there are so many places of interest that any attempt to enumerate them in this publication would be futile. Palm Springs and Indio are oases of the desert, the

former a sanitarium by a hot mineral spring, the latter a place much frequented by those affected with pulmonary complaints, a desert garden nurtured by the water of a subterranean river tapped by wells. The train passes by the shore of the Salton Sea, the whole sink being the bottom of a sea that was. The Salton Sea itself was reformed by a break in the Colorado River, now controlled. The river forms part of the important irrigation project, with headquarters at Yuma. Through it the Imperial Valley has come into prominence with marvelous crops of grapes, cantaloupes, alfalfa, beans and other staples, with wealth-producing orchards, with cotton fields and date-palms. At Yuma and on a loop line at Calexico, the train is on the very borders of Mexico, a proximity which it again achieves later on at El Paso, in Texas, down by the Rio Grande. Through Arizona and New Mexico there is much of interest by the way, with Indian villages here and there, and always the settlements, the irrigation ditches and crops that prophesy the awakening of the land.

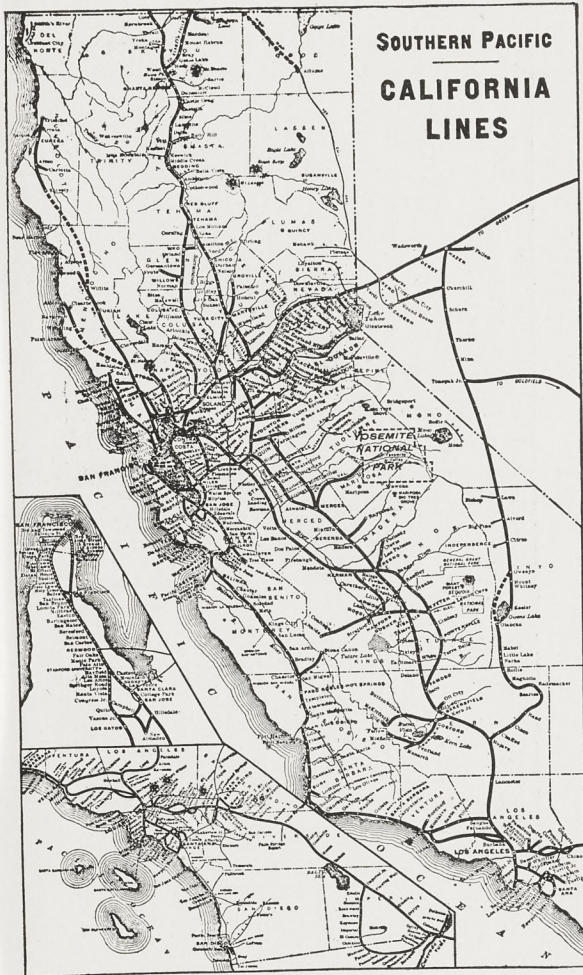
Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, is

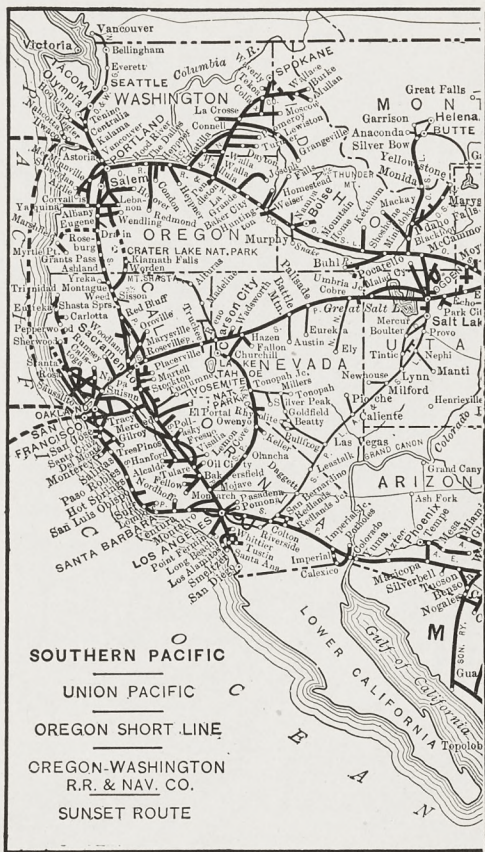
reached by a branch line from Maricopa. Here is the big Salt River Valley Project, with its great Roosevelt Dam, recently completed, and which will provide for over a quarter of a million acres of irrigated land. These immense projects that are exploiting the values of soil that has lain dormant through the centuries, gathering fertility all the time, are symbols of America's share in the world's progress and rank with achievements on the Nile, in India and in China. To view them, to attempt some idea of their scope, is to graduate beyond the college of little things and give one an additional interest and pride in the world we live in.

So it is all the way, the West seems to have merely yawned in its sleep prefatory to a grand awakening. In Texas is a vast empire gradually hinting of what it will be. Railroad lines are stretching across its surface like arteries. Houston and Galveston have now their great canals, docks and seawalls to handle the commerce that augments with every month in the year. Cotton and cattle, sugar, rice and corn and a hundred kindred crops, minerals and oil call for the popula-

tion to handle them, the shipping to freight them to the markets that are clamoring for them. Louisiana is just coming into her own. The glories of the days "befo' de wah" fade into insignificance beside present achievement and future promise. The swamp-lands are being turned into the most fertile of acres, and while there yet remains much of interest in the old regime, the signs of the times point to a vigorous, more active South than the arrangers of the Louisiana Purchase ever dreamed of. New Orleans itself shows the two extremes, the modern city with the deepening of the mighty Mississippi, the wharves, the public buildings, the commerce by rail and sea and the tenderly preserved Old Town with its memories of French occupation; the old and new uniting in Mardi Gras days, when all the world comes to see New Orleans en masque.

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